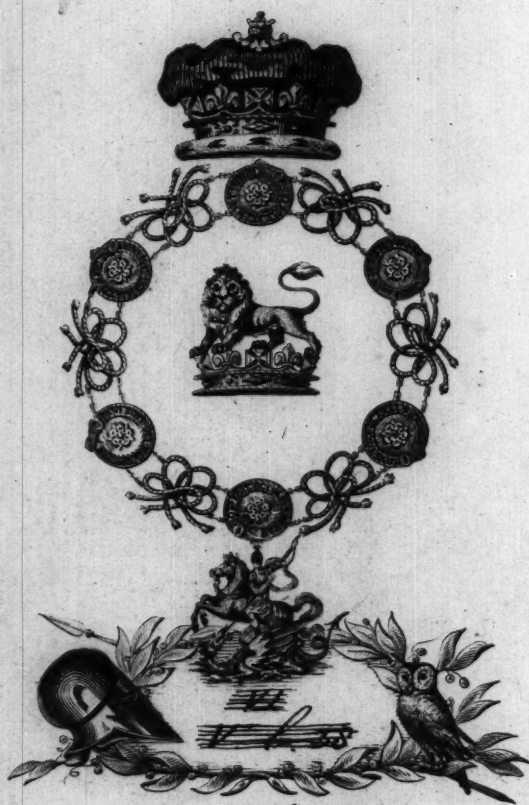


480 19

601-

37-



IV. E. d. 125

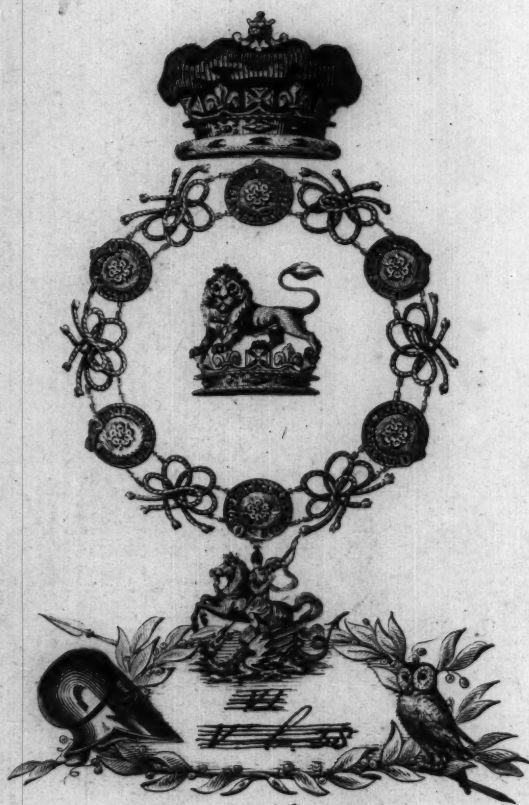
512-579 650 567

Weldon

480 19

601-

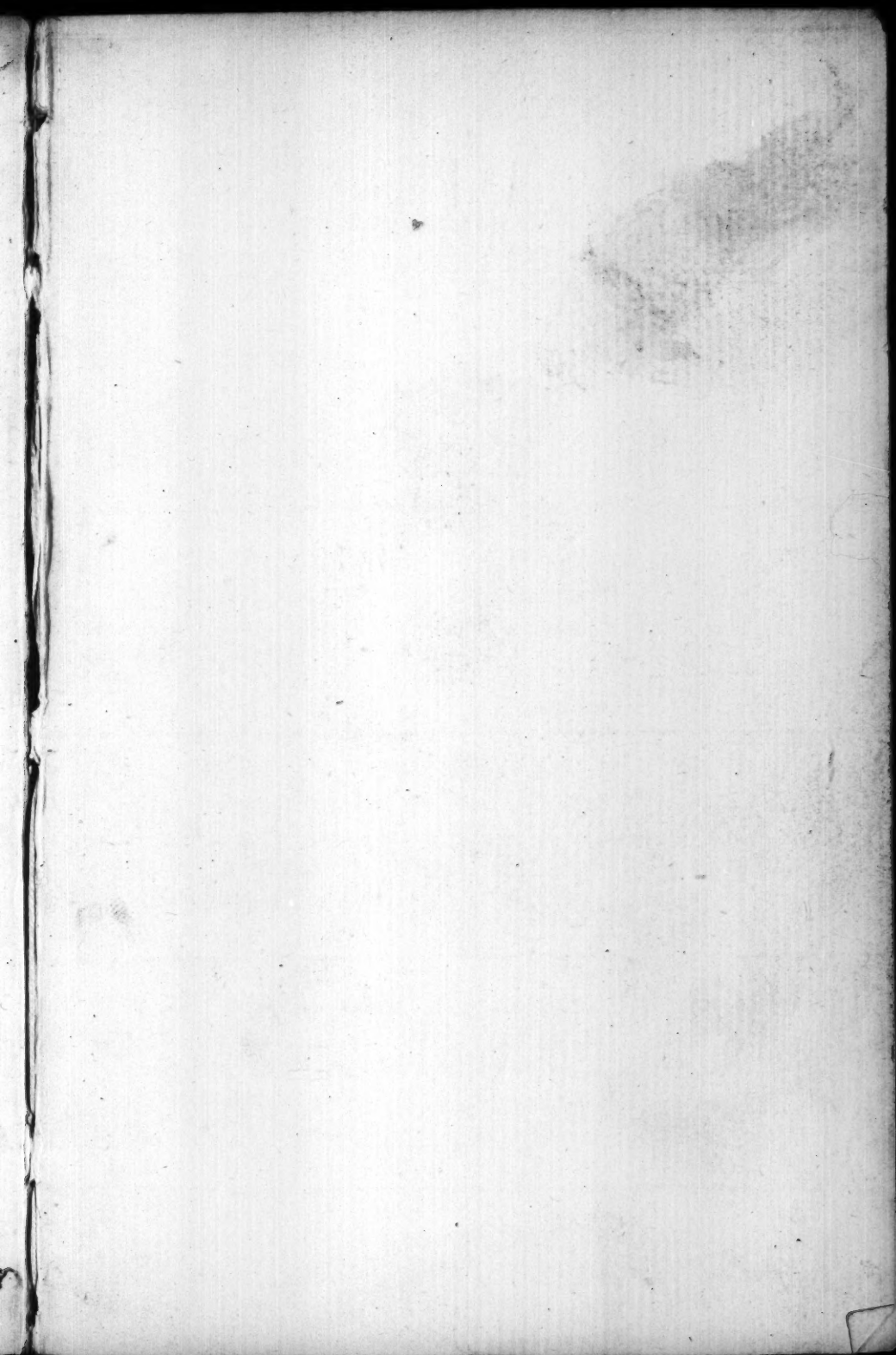
37-



IV. F. d. 125

512-579 650 567

Weldon



+

5133 a. 12.

A
CAT
May look upon a
KING.



London: Printed by R. Mathard in Fleetstreet.
Price Two-pence.



of - 2nd floor

det

A Cat may look upon a King.

Answer'd Paragraph by Paragraph:



O rake among the Ashes of the royal Dead, upon no other Account than to be so ungenerous as to cast scurrilous Reflections on the Memory of Crowned Heads, is a Piece of Villany not to be paralliz'd in no Nation so much as in *Great Britain*. I am sure a Man of Breeding, and good Manners and Literature abhors any such Crime; Obloquy and Scurrility are too deform'd and wry-fac'd to to gain any Place in his Affections; his Fingers are too clean to be foul'd by throwing Dirt in other Mens Faces. He is as much afraid to discover a Blemish in another Man's Eye, as he is to suffer a greater in his own; and will rather charitably condescend to lick out the Mote with his Tongue, then deridingly to talk of it. He holds it too much below a Man to imploy his Nails in vexing an old Sore, and Scratching till he makes a new one. Other Mens Infirmities, especially if natural or accidental, are much more the Objects of a generous Man's Charity and Pity, than of his Meriment and Derision. He judges it a Cruelty proper to Weakness alone to murder the Sick, no true Ingenuity can be so barbarous as to

sport it self in the Misfortunes of the Miserable. He esteems it a meer dwarfish Wit which cannot tell how to shew it self to the World, but by trampling on the Reputation of others. It is a barren Phancy, or at least has always a very hard Labour, which can be Mother to nothing but to what Misfortune must be the Midwife.

But now to proceed to King *William* the Conqueror, he did no more than what another might do; for if he was obliged to obtain his Right by Conquest, it can't be suppos'd but the longest Sword would commit some Outrages where the Victor finds an Opposition made against him. If *K. Rufus* took Fines of the Priests for Fornication, you must consider his Religion, he was a *Papist*, and upon that score it is my Opinion that he had as much for so doing, as the Pope of *Rome* hath at this Day to tolerate publick Stews in *Venice*, to bring Money into his Coffers. We acknowledge that *Henry* the first was a little cruel to his elder Brother: But what is it a Man would not do for a Kingdom? He'll hazard the Salvation of his Soul for a Diadem, as it now evidently appears, in the Elector of *Saxony* renouncing the *Protestant* Religion, and embracing the *Romish* Communion only to obtain the Crown of *Poland*, which is not Hereditary, but only Elective. If King *Stephen* did oppress this Land with Strangers, it was no more Criminal than a certain Party lately bringing all the *Palatine* Black-guard into this Kingdom, to eat the Bread out of the Natives Mouths. Now our Calumniator raves
against

against *Henry* the II. for leaving three Bastards behind him, a mighty Piece of Business for a working Man! but as for *Richard* the I. having great Taxes, I suppose he had none without Authority of Parliament; and if King *John* had renounced his Religion, he had still been a better Christian than a *Quaker*.

Now supposing *Henry* the III. did Pawn his Crown, which was most easie to his Subjects, to Tax them, or sell and dispose of what was his own, to supply his Necessities? I can't perceive in our Chronicles that *Edward* the I. Govern'd by a despotick and arbitrary Power; and if King *Edward* the II. was depos'd and murder'd, as I know he was, they were Villains who acted their Parts in that Tragedy; since divine and humane Laws do require *Passive-Obedience* and *Non-Resistance* in all his Subjects to their lawful Sovereigns. There is no Credit to be given to this Republican Raskal when he rails against *Edward* the III. whose Courage was about acting a mean, as *France* could tell then too well to their Sorrow; and how well he loves the Assassination of Kings evidently appears in his vindicating the Murder of *Richard* the II. After which he vilifies *Henry* the Fourth, *Henry* the Fifth, *Henry* the Sixth, and *Edward* the Fourth; and when he talks of *Richard* the Third, I think his profan'd Tongue might have sav'd the labour of telling us the Antiquity of that horrid Curse *G—d—me*; which no good Christian desires to hear, read, or writ at length, as this Scoundrel has in his scurrilous Pamphlet; in which he has
also

also the unparallell'd Impudence to assert the Impostor *Perkin Warbeck* was as much the Son of *Edward* the IVth. as *Henry* the VIIIth was the Son of *Henry* the VIIth. When he comes to talk of *Henry* the VIIIth he seems to slight *Jus divinum*, as if Kings did not enjoy their Crowns by divine Right, exclaiming also against the blessed Memory of them ; but where he has no room left to exclaim against *Henry* the Vth and *Edward* the VIth he passes them by ; nor will he talk of *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth* because they are Women, and wishes he never had to do with the Sex ; but for no other reason I suppose, than that he hath been either Cuckold or Poxt by 'em. I am sure he had as much scope to rail against the Massacrees of bloody *Queen Mary*, as room to extol the Goodness of *Queen Elizabeth*, who assisted the States of *Holland*, when they were not able to help themselves ; and how well they have rewarded us since, is plainly beheld by their extraordinary Civility shew'd to some *Englishmen* at *Amboyna*. This excellent Princess so much prefer'd Virginity before a State of Matrimony, that when a Petition was made to Her to Marry, that Her Royal Issue might succeed Her, She absolutely refus'd to hearken to it, saying, *That She held it sufficient, that a Marble Stone should tell to Posterity, that She a Queen had Reign'd, Liv'd and Dy'd a Virgin.* She kept *France* in awe, reduced the Rebellion of *Shan-O-Neal* in *Ireland*, and, to her immortal Glory be it spoken, humbled *Spain* by beating their (as they proudly call'd it) invincible *Armado*.

But

But next observe the unheard-of Impudence of our Author, who durst not put his Name to his most scurrilous Pamphlet, and makes as if it was Printed at *Amsterdam* in *Holland*, when it was Printed by some Factious Printer in *London*, in rendring King *James* the first a Tyrant and Coward, because he lov'd Peace and Quietness, next accusing our Reverend Prelates and Nobility of Ambition and Corruption, he afterwards insults the blessed Memory of that King again, by reflecting on his Countrymen, by saying, that we are beholden to the *Scots* to this Day for an encrease of Taverns and Baudy-Houses. Alas! who can pass over his Impudence and Scurrility without remarking it with an Asterism of Wonder and Destruction? Especially when he next is attempting to make the Pedigree of this good King to be of a base Extraction, when he endeavours to derive it from *Mackbeth*, a King of *Scotland's* Ravishing the Daughter of one *Banchoo*, a Nobleman of the same Nation, whom he caus'd to be Murder'd. But farther note the Villany of this Republican Knave, for triumphing over the Misfortunes which besel the Family of this King, whom he reports to be no Scholar, when all the World knows to the contrary, after saying, *God is to be glorified by us for these Judgments of his upon this King's Family*; he makes as if he was spurious, in these Words, *I cannot in the best Stories I have read, find who was King James's Father.* Why, altho' the unfortunate *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*, his Royal Mother did make an *Italian* Fidler

Fidler her Favourite, yet it is not to be doubted but that the Lord *Darnly*, Son to the Duke of *Lenox*, to whom she was Marry'd, was his real Father. Farthermore, after calling this King a Blasphemer, he brands him with the Murder of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, who was Poyson'd in the *Tower of London*, when he was so far from having any Hand in it, that Sir *Gervas Elwayes* and Mrs. *Turner* were Executed for it; and tho' he mingled so much Mercy with his Justice, as to pardon the Earl of *Somerset* and his Countess condemn'd for the same Fact, yet would he never afterwards receive them into Favour, but banish'd them from Court for ever. Again his Calumny basely charges the King with Poysoning his eldest Son Prince *Henry*; and after giving an Account of the Dissection of his Body by the following Physicians, *Mayern, Atkins, Hammond, Palmer, Gifford* and *Butler*, his Insolence takes his Majesty with the inhancing of Customs, Monopolies, Loans, Benevolences, and Sales of Lands, Woods, Fines and new Buildings; as if Kings were to be accountable to such diminutive Animals as him for what they act or do.

But now, O! *monstrum horrendum*, or rather O! *tempora, O mores!* Observe the Rascality of our Author, who does not only reflect upon the Country of King *Charles the First* for being a *Scotchman*, but loads him with the greatest Infamy imaginable, when he falsely upbraids that pious Prince with endeavouring to advance himself to the highest Pinacle of despotick and
arbi-

arbitrary Power. He says this King rais'd two Wars upon his own Countrymen the *Scots*, because they would not suffer a Liturgy compos'd by *William Laud* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and sent to *Rome* to be approv'd to be impos'd upon them; which a grand Lye, for he never oblig'd them to use any other Liturgy than that us'd in the Church of *England*; and as great an Untruth in his saying that above a Million of Protestants were butcher'd in *Ireland* in *October 1641*, when the best Accounts of that Massacree, of which the King was really as innocent as the Child unborn, inform us that the Number then Murder'd exceeded not 200000. Again, farther behold the unaccountable Impudence of this Fellow, in charging the King to die with a Lye in his Mouth, in saying he writ the Book entituled *Eikon Basilike*; and truly so he did, and not Bishop *Garden* and Bishop *Duppa*, as they themselves have often own'd since the most barbarous Murder of this best of Princes, who by a mock Court of Justice receiv'd Sentence of Death, and was accordingly Executed before his own Palace at *Whitehall* on the 30th of *January, 1648*, and which Villany was perpetrated in the Name of the whole People of *England*, when the better Part lookt upon it with Horror and Indignation. For, supposing the King had unhindged the Government, the most his Enemies could do with some Shadow of Reason, was to declare the Government dissolved and in a State of *Anarchy*. In which State all are equal, and none can pretend to have a le-

gal Power over another, therefore they could pretend none over the King; who being first strip of his Crown and Dignity, and then of his Life, that Arch-Villain *Oliver Cromwell* of ever infamous Memory, by wicked and diabolical Arts, lifted himself up into his Throne, as if a Crown and Sovereignty were fit Rewards of Hypocrisie and Perfidiousness, of Cruelty, Treason and Rebellion.

King *Charles* the First, when in Prison, Contempt and Distress, especially on the Scaffold, was a very Tragical Sight to his good and loyal Subjects; but signalizing there, in an eminent manner, his Patience, Faith, Hope and Charity, he was perhaps never more glorious in the Eyes of God, who sees not as Men do. He had many Kings who match'd him in his Royal Power and Grandeur, and many that equall'd him in his Misfortunes and Adversities; but few Princes perhaps did come up to his Patience and Meekness, his Self-denial and Resignation, and the like supernatural Graces, which gave a more divine and lasting Brightness and Honour, than all the Pomp and Bravery of the World. If the Remembrance of his Misfortunes and Murder, stir up in us Indignation, Regret and Pity, let the Memory of his exemplary Virtues, erect and stablish us. Had he gone out of the World by a Death ordinary and natural, he might have had a fair Claim to a principal Place in the Catalogue of good Kings, but since he chose rather to part with his Life and Crown, than with his Honour and a sound Conscience, with the
Rights

Rights and Liberties of Church and People, we glory in his Courage, Constancy and Perseverance; and we magnifie the abundant Grace of God bestow'd on him, enabling him cheerfully to tread in the Steps of his blessed Master and Saviour, to pray for his inhumane Murderers; to suffer with the same Mind his Lord did, and to follow the Example of his Patience and Meekness, his Charity and Resignation. Hereby he has acquired to himself an immortal Name on Earth, and an incorruptible Crown in Heaven above. However, let the Remembrance of that grand Rebellion, with all its hateful Train of Evils, the Destruction of Prince and People, the Havock made of the Church and sound Religion, the swarms of dangerous and pestilent Opinions, the Practice of the damnable Hypocrisies and Perfidiousness, I say let the Remembrance hereof serve to make us better *Christians* and better Subjects: Let the very evil Days that are past and gone, make us set a higher Rate and Price upon the very good Days we now do see under the most happy Reign of our lawful Sovereign King *George*; and let the Bondage, Sequestrations and Ravages, under which the Land then Groan'd, give us a more lively and grateful Sense and Relish of the Justice and good Order, Peace and Safety, and the Rights and Privileges we now enjoy above any other Nation in the whole World.

Truly, those were sad Times when the Estates of these Realms were made Slaves, and (which is the vilest of Servitude) Slaves to their
own

own Servants; when the Flower of the Nobility and Gentry was cut off by cruel Wars, or executed by more solemn Murder; when there was scarce a House but what was a House of Mourning, or a Family with an Orphan or a Widow; when honest Men were forc'd to purchase what was their own at the Hands of publick Robbers, and pay dear for that Liberty which they were not suffer'd long to enjoy; and lastly, these trayterous Rulers, were resolv'd to compleat their own Sin and the Nation's Misery at once, by barbarously putting to Death one of the best of Men, and most religious of Princes, and endeavour'd to extinguish *England's* Glory with him, in the utter Abolition of Monarchy and Episcopacy: But certain it is that Rebellion and Murder will and must be Sins, as long as the 5th and 6th Commandments, the 13th Chapter to the *Romans*, and the 2d Chapter of the 1st Epistle of *St. Peter* make a Part of canonical Scripture. And I am strongly inclin'd to think, that if that known Passage in the 13th to the *Romans*, had been suffer'd to stand by it self, unincumber'd with all strong Glosses; and had it been only consider'd, when and to whom the Injunction was given, and in what solemn manner, no Mortal could ever have dreamt that it should infer any Licence, much less imply an Obligation of resisting the Supream Magistrate with Violence and Outrage, and persecuting him even to Death. One would think too, if that Text did stand in need of any Explanations, that the u-
niver-

niversal Practice of the Primitive *Christians*, the constant Judgment of the antient Fathers, and the Consent of all the best and most learned Interpreters, should be more likely to lead us into the true Meaning of it, than the perverse Comments of any Parasite of the Pope, or Assertor of his exterminating Power over Princes. However, a Republican Party of wretched and desperately wicked Men, observing neither Scripture nor Law, they conspir'd (as above hinted) the Death of their lawful Sovereign, by willfully Murdering him on a Scaffold, built up against the Walls of his own Palace, that no Indignity might be wanting to vex his Righteous Soul, and add to the Sting of his Misfortunes. And so fell the pious King, ignominiously and scandalously, if the Sentence of his wicked Judges had any Truth or Weight in it; but in a true *Christian* Account, gloriously and even triumphantly: For 'tis a Glory for a *Christian* to suffer the worst Extremities in the best of Causes; 'tis the noblest Triumph for a *Christian* King, to preserve a good Conscience with the loss of his Crown and Life; and, at his dying Hour, with an invincible Patience and Meekness, humbly copied from the Cross of *Christ*, to forgive and pray (as did this Martyr) for his unrelenting Murderers: And to this very Day we do stand still amaz'd at the monstrous Size of this unparallell'd Wickedness; for certainly if all that Ravage and Bloodshed, that Prophanation and Sacrilege, which were the Concomitants of a most ungod-

ly War, be Sins? If the lawless Usurpation that follow'd upon the Liberties, Estates and Lives of Fellow-Citizens and Fellow-Subjects, be Sins? In one Word, if the most unnatural Rebellion that ever was heard of, and the barbarous Murder of a most excellent Prince, who had all the Bowels of Tenderness of a Parent towards his People, be Sins; then have these Republican Villains sinned, and sinned perhaps beyond the Imitation of all Posterity. And as those Wretches were verily guilty concerning the Death of the common Father of our Country, so we that come after them have long groan'd under the Burden of their Iniquities, and suffer'd deeply on that very score. And we have suffer'd in such manner, that we may perceive our Punishment to bear a manifest Relation to their Iniquities; for as it has been our Misfortune, since that time, to live under Princes, who were in the Interests of Popery, or of that Persuasion, and from whom we both fear'd and felt the Attempts of Popery upon our Constitution, Thanks to our furious Zealots for this, who, under Pretence of purer Reformation, once demolisht this *Protestant* Church, that is the chief Bulwark against Popery, and Murder'd a most Religious *Protestant* Prince, and drove his Sons into Banishment. And it was their very great Misfortune, as well as ours, that they should be thus expos'd abroad, in their green and unexperienc'd Years, when they were least able to resist the Impressions of an insinuating Mother, and most apt to take a
Tin-

Tincture from the Vices or Religion of a foreign Court, that then gave them Harbour. But, I say, the Thanks are intirely due to those who deprived them of the best of Fathers, and his virtuous Example and good Instructions; and forc'd them to seek their Refuge where they met with a Snare, and to take part of their Education where all possible Art and Industry was used to pervert them. Is there now-a-days Reason to complain (as sure enough there is) of a visible decay of true Piety, amidst a great diversity of Opinions in Religion, and Modes of Religious Worship? This too is owing in great Measure to those blessed Times, when there was no King in our *Israel*, no Unity, no Order in our *Jerusalem*; when Enthusiasm had almost jostled out all sober Religion and good Morality, and brought the Ordinances of God into Neglect, if not Contempt; and the Catechizing of Youth, which is the best Means of seasoning them with an early and true Sense of Religion, into Disuse; during which unhappy Interval the wild Tares of Schism and Heresie grew up so fast, and were so deep rooted into the Minds of a deluded People, that the Soil could never since be clear'd of them. Again, is there a Spirit of Infidelity and Atheism sprung up to some height, and daily spreading among us? Is it become almost a Fashion to entertain Doubts concerning the Truth of all Religion, and to treat the Name of it, and its Ministrations too, with as much Levity and Scorn, as if it were discover'd to be all a ridiculous Cheat?

For this also we are principally indebted to those pious Times, when Religion was made the Watch-word to Rebellion, and a Warrant for Sacrilege and Murders: And what Wonder if the Hypocrisie of those Days, which was but Irreligion in Disguise, hath, in a less demure Age, ventured to pluck off the Mask, and appear like itself, even no less than bare-fac'd Prophaneness.

Farthermore, I am exceeding afraid, if the Matter was narrowly lookt into, that this most barbarous Murder is not so generally, so thoroughly repented of as it ought to be. If it be, how comes it to pass, that the very same Maxims and Doctrines, that brought King *Charles* the First from the Prison to the Block, are so publickly avowed, and industriously propagated? And what can be the meaning of that barbarous Feast, that is said (nor can it be gain-said) to be annually kept on the 30th of *January*, to mock the sad Solemnity of that Day, and glory in the execrable Deed? What should it mean to, that even under the Shelter of the highest Authority, we cannot be permitted to solemnize that Anniversary or Yearly Commemoration of this Royal Martyr in Confessions and Deprecations, and other the sober Expressions of a just Detestation of the Fact, without being indecently ridiculed, and slanderously traduc'd by Licentious Tongues and Pens? And what means it at last that there is so much earnest wishing and urging to have this Day abolished? And why abolished, I beseech you? Why? Be-

Because it only serves to keep up odious Names and Marks of Distinction, and to perpetuate Heats and Animosities. And, 'tis true, Rebellion and Murder are odious Names; but then they are horrid Crimes too, that ought to be markt and distinguisht, to the end all Loyal People may be sufficiently warn'd against them; and if any can find in their Hearts to conceive or retain any Anger or Animosity against us, for calling (as we usually do upon this Day) fighting against the King, Rebellion, and killing him, Murder, 'tis much to be fear'd that they are still in *the Gall of Bitterness, and the Bond of Iniquity*, Act. 8. 23. But may the Memorial of the 30th of *January* never cease, the unhappy Occasion never be forgotten! For to what Purpose should it, unless it could be blotted not only out of our Kalendar, but out of our *English Annals*, and all other Histories; and pass at once into a perpetual Silence and Oblivion among Men? And yet if all this was practicable (as it is not) it would avail nothing, unless it could be blotted out of God's Book, never more to be remembred against the Perpetrators of such a *black Tragedy*, or any of their Posterity, either in this World, or that which is to come.

They were not satisfied with shedding their Sovereign's Blood, but as an Introduction to this greatest of Murders, they must also thirst after the Blood of his chief Ministers; for the most Reverend Father in God *William Laud*, Arch-bishop of *Canterbury* they Beheaded on *Tower-hill*; the Duke of *Buckingham* was most vil-

villanously Stabb'd at Portsmouth, by one Feltan, who was deservedly Hang'd in Chains for the inhumane Fact; and the Earl of Strafford lost his Head, for faithfully serving his royal Master; on whom the ingenious Mr. Cleaveland, publick Orator of the University of Cambridge, Writ this Epitaph.

*Here lies Wise and Valiant Dust,
Huddled up 'twixt Good and Just:
Strafford, who was hurry'd hence,
'Twixt Treason and Convenience.
He spent his Time here in a Mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
His Prince his nearest Joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted, all Relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The Peoples violent Love and Hate.
One in extreams Lov'd and Abhor'd,
Riddies lie here, and in a Word,
Here lies Blood, and let it Be
Speechless still; and never cry.*

And the aforesaid Archbishop Laud being an zealous Prelate, who to the very last stood up for the Faith and Doctrine of the Church of England, the same Author commemorates his Worth in the following Lines.

*I need no Muse to give my Passion vent,
He brews his Tears that studies to lament,
Verse chymically Weeps, that pious Rain
Destill'd with Art's but the Sweat o' the Brain.
Whoever sobb'd in Numbers? Can a Groan
Be quaver'd out by soft Division?*

'Tis

*'Tis true, for common formal Elegies
 Not Bushel's Wells can match a Poet's Eyes :
 In wanton Water-works he'll tune his Tears,
 From a Genava Fig up to the Spheres.
 But when he mourns at distance, weeps a loof,
 Now that the Conduit Head is our own Roof,
 Now that the Fate is publick, we may call
 In Britain's Vespers, England's Funeral.
 Who bath a Pencil to express the Saint,
 But he bath Eyes too, washing off the Paint ?
 There is no Learning but what Tears surround,
 Like to Seth's Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
 There is no Church, Religion is grown
 From much of late, that she's increas'd to none:
 Like an hydropick Body full of Rheums,
 First swells into a Bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is Dead, or cast into a Trance,
 And by a Law-dough-baked, an Ordinance,
 The Liturgy, whose Doom was voted next,
 Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
 There's nothing lives : Life is, since he is gone,
 But a nocturnal Lucubration.
 Thus you have seen Death's Inventory read,
 In the Summ Total ——— Canterbury's Dead.
 A Sight wou'd make a Pagan to Baptize
 Himself a Convert, in his bleeding Eyes.
 Wou'd thaw the Rabble, that fierce Beast of ours,
 That which Hyena like weeps and devours,
 Tears that flow brackish from their Souls within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their Sin.
 Mean time no squalid Grief his Look defiles,
 He guilds his sadder Fate with noble Smiles.
 Thus the World's Eye with reconciled Streams
 Shines in his Showers, as if he wept his Beams.*

How cou'd Success such Villanies applaud?
 The State in Strafford fell, the Church in Laud:
 The Twins of publick Rage adjudg'd to die,
 For Treasons they shou'd act by Prophecy.
 The Facts were done before the Law was made,
 The Trump turn'd up after the Game was play'd.
 Be dull great Spirits, and forbear to climb,
 For Wrath is Sin, and Eminence a Crime.
 No Church-man can be innocent and high,
 'Tis height makes Grantham Steeple stand awry.

But since we inserted the Encomiums which
 that most ingenious and Loyal Gentlemen Mr.
 Cleaveland gives on these great Ministers, we
 shall also see his Lamentation on King Charles
 the First, which take as follows.

Charles! ah, forbear, forbear! lest Mortals prize
 His Name too dearly; and idolatrize.

His Name! our Loss! thrice Cursed and forlorn
 Be that black Night, which usher'd in this Morn.
 Charles our dread Sovereign! hold least out-law'd
 Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispence, [Sense
 With those celestial Powers; and distrust
 Heaven can behold such Treason, and be just.

Charles our dread Sovereign's Murder'd!
 [Tremble! and

View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land;
 Court, City, Country, nay, three Kingdoms run
 To their last Stage, and set with him their Sun.

Charles our dread Sovereign's Murder'd at his
 Gate!

Fell Fiends! dire Hydra's of a Stiff-neck'd State!
 Strange Body Politick! whose Members spread,
 And Monster-like swell bigger than their Head.

Charles

Charles of Great-Britain ! he ! who was the
[known

King of three Realms, lies murder'd in his own.
He ! he ! who liv'd, and Fairb's Defender stood,
Dy'd here to Re-baptize it in his Blood.

No more, no more, Fame's Trump shall eccho all
The rest in dreadful Thunder : such a Fall
Great Christendom ne'er Pattern'd ; and 'twas

[strange
Earth's Centre reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The Blow struck Britain Blind, each well-set
By Dislocation was lopt off in him ; [Limb

And tho' she yet lives she lives but to condole

Three bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

Religion puts on Black, sad Loyalety

Blushes and Mourn to see bright Majesty

Butcher'd by such Assassins ; Nay both

'Gainst God, 'gainst Law, Allegiance and their
[Oath.

Farewel sad Isle ! farewel ! thy fatal Glory

Is summ'd, cast up, and cancell'd in this Story,

Next our Faction's Author falls foul upon the
Royal Martyr's Son King Charles the II. saying,

In whose Restoration flow'd in that Deluge of Profane-

ness and Debauchery, under which we Groan to this
Day. But his Antipathy against this Prince I

suppos'd proceed, from his revenging his Fa-

ther's Blood, by causing several Regicides to

be Drawn, Hang'd and Quarter'd, and their

Estates Confiscated ; for in Cases of this Na-

ture, it is provided by humane Laws, and ap-

prov'd by the Wisdom of Nations, that the

exemplary and terrible, by extending it in some degree to their Children, and therefore the Publick is not satisfied with the Death of the Offenders alone, but his Estate is Confiscated, his Humour Forfeited, his Blood Tainted, and nothing but Reproach and Beggery devolv'd upon his unconsenting Heirs. And this must be allow'd to be both Just and Prudent. It is just, because the Publick Weal has a reserv'd Interest in all Mens Honour and Estates, antecedent and superiour to their Private Right, of which they justly incur a Forfeiture, when they endeavour to subvert that Government which affords them Protection. It is prudent, because the Tenderness of parental Affections, and a Regard to Posterity, will sometimes give check to Men, that are hardy and enterprizing, when no Consideration of Personal Danger to themselves would be sufficient to keep them within Bounds.

Last of all, this scurrilous Rascal thus expresses himself about King James the II. He had the Courage of his Grandfather, and the Religion of his Mother; the Mulice and Inveteracy of his Father, and was altogether rul'd by Priests and Jesuits; we had an Instance of his Clemency in the West, whilst himself was Duke of York, it was more than suspected that he had the chief Hand in the Burning of the City of London, and it is well if his Brother had not too. As for this unhappy, King's Misfortune to be rul'd by the Romish Clergy, we are sensible it was his utter Ruin; but since it is an old Proverb, *Humanum est*

errare

errare, there is no Man without his Failing in one respect or another; nor do I Justifie his Proceedings for bringing in here Popery and Slavery too fast; but indeed, I blame this half-witted Author for not being better acquainted than he is with the History of our own Times and Country too, in saying the Clemency of King *James* was seen in the *West*, whilst Duke of *York*, when the Rebellion was not there till the Landing of the Duke of *Monmouth* at *Lyme* in *Dorsetshire*, which was after King *James* was Crown'd; and upon routing the Rebels it was then that they were deservedly Hang'd by Wholesale throughout the *Western* Parts of *England*.

A little after, this insipid Fellow says, *he disoblighd the Nation by Quo-Warranto's, against the Charters of most Corporations in England, where- in London could not escape his Hands.* Which is a palpable Untruth, for the Charter was took away from the City of *London* in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and not by King *James*. But to conclude. The Author whom I Write against, I reckon to be some of the Spawn of the King killing Villains in *Forty-eight*, whose Wickedness is beyond expressing, and yet they pretended to the greatest Sanctity and Zeal imaginable; but alas! how many fair Estates and glorious Churches did their furious Zeal reduce to Ashes? And yet their long promis'd *Phoenix* of Reformation appears not yet. How many Palaces and Temples did their Piety Deface? How many rich Treasuries did their

Self-Denial Plunder? And whence all that, but because Robbery and Sacrilege were more profitable Appendages of their Religion, than the more costly Formalities and Expensive Superstitions of the other.

In fine, this petty Scribbler must be Relick of some of those Sons of Rebellion in *Forty-One*, who thought neither Church nor State worth their Regarding; but could with dry Eyes behold both Vessels split at once, and in the mean time flatter themselves up with the Devilish Hopes of enriching their Ambition by the miserable Wreck.

F I N I S.



